

Pangea

August Burns Red

Closed off, we wake from the dusk only to step
out into open air, just to see the same clouds
opening. If this is a region people dream of,
insomnia is the only cure- the only antidote.
You've been deceived into thinking this is the
perfect life. It's an illusion to your perception.
You've been deceived. I wish time was still
ancient so I could bridge the gap between
here, between there, between you and I.
Frustration is setting in. I am seeing red. This

 blessing is a curse. Counting all the things
 that I took for granted. Counting down the
days. Watching the clock as it just stands still
to just sail away. Waiting for the morning that
takes me home, to take me home. All of this
is worth every penny- every cent. I would give
back everything just to be back home. This is
a bittersweet dream I've dreamt. Oh Pangaea,
where have you gone? I'm at all four corners
of this world. Oh Pangaea, what have you
done?

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